

'Cause I don't think they'd understand by KuteKittehs

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Summary:

Mike wants to court El but is worried because they're both alphas.

'Cause I don't think they'd understand

Author's Note:

I want to write a Stranger Things a/b/o series with (mostly unrelated) one shots featuring the Stranger Things characters in an a/b/o setting. I already have a few ideas for the next pieces. This would be the first part of that little series then.

The title is a line from a song called Iris by the GooGoo Dolls.

“I... I love her,” Mike whispered, voice shaky and scared. He was staring at the ceiling of his room as he lay on his bed in the dark. Despite the late hour, he was still wide awake. “I’m in love with El,” he whispered, his voice firmer but no less fearful.

It felt good to admit it out loud.

Although, with a shame filled sigh, he knew he would be too scared to admit it during the day. He knew that as an alpha he was expected to find some nice, pretty omega, or if that didn’t work a good, reliable beta to court and eventually settle down with to have pups. However, Mike knew he wanted El. He didn’t want anyone else – couldn’t even imagine someone else.

Yet, he also knew their love would never be accepted. After all, a relationship between two alphas would never be allowed.

At the sight of her, Mike felt his whole world lighten.

The moment the door opened El was right there. He couldn’t stop himself from grinning excitedly at her. “Hey, El,” he greeted,

She smiled softly, tucking some loose curls behind her ear. “Hello,” she replied. As she took him gently – always gentle with him – by the wrist to lead him to the couch, Mike could feel his heart start to race. Then she pulled him down with her to sit curled up together.

Mike knew the outside world would never understand his love for another alpha but in here, hidden away securely, it could be safe. Despite this, he was still too scared to try actively courting El.

“Mike,” she suddenly said, catching his attention.

He blinked, only just noticing the plate of eggos she suddenly had in her lap. She was holding one up to him. Her expression was sweet, full of genuine warmth as she watched him.

“Uh, I can feed myself,” he laughed.

Eleven instantly deflated. Her face crumpled, eyes obviously trying not to water, as she nodded dejectedly. The room quickly started to flood with the scent of distress and rejection.

Instantly, Mike felt like he had not only missed something but had messed up. “Wait, why’re you sad?” he asked hurriedly. He honestly didn’t understand what was happening. However, he did know that whatever it was he needed to fix it. Mike really couldn’t stand the look on El’s face.

“You don’t want me to court you,” she mumbled, wringing her hands nervously.

Mike’s whole world seemed to slow to a stop.

“You’ve been courting me?” Mike asked carefully. He tried to wrap his head around that. He was surprised but definitely delighted.

El furrowed her brows as she stared at him. “You didn’t... realise?” she asked slowly.

Mike cringed. He felt really stupid all of a sudden.

The signs were all there. She had protected him countless times, had scent marked him, had remained by his side, had defended him, had tried to provide for him. There El was, uncaring of how the world

would view them, trying to court him and he had to go and mess it up by not even realising what she was doing.

Before he could realise that he was now the one releasing a distressed scent and crying, he was pulled into a tight, warm embrace by El. “Silly Mike,” El cooed softly. She petted his hair soothingly until he felt calmer.

“I’m sorry,” apologised Mike. He nuzzled closer to her side, inhaling her crisp alpha scent.

El continued gently petting him, running her fingers through his hair. She concentrated on releasing pleased, happy pheromones to further soothe and settle him. It seemed to work because after a little more time he sat back up looking a little bit more composed.

“I want to keep courting you,” El told him seriously.

Mike thought about it for a moment. He could continue to run away from his fears and stop El from courting him or he could forget about the rest of the world and be truly happy. It wasn’t much of a choice. “I’d like that,” he replied honestly.

The two shared a smile.

Then, gentle as always, El pressed a chaste kiss to his forehead. They had already kissed on the lips before, once when Mike had allowed himself to forget his fears, but this felt different. It felt sweeter somehow.

“I want you to eat the eggos now,” El said then, face determined and serious. It was adorable to Mike and he offered her a shy smile. With a faint blush, Mike took the offered eggo.